

You walk holding your head high, necessary to see the potholes high, necessary to see the potholes in the walk through your tri-focals.

You're still 15 around the collar, 54 around the waist, and 90 on the golf course.

When you go for a haircut, the barber trims more hair out of your nose and eyebrows than on your balding head.

Presumably you're well-versed, know most of the answers to today's problems, but no one asks for your opinion.

All your peers talk about the golden years, but you doubt if they have as much shiny metal as a new penny.

You used to take a pill or two at bedtime to keep a vigorous health, now they advise one to help you sleep.

Even a sip of your favorite wine seems to aggravate your ulcer, so you drink skim milk instead, remembering when you were a boy growing up on a boon-docks farm, they used skim milk only for hogs. Today it costs about as much as the real article. "Taint fair!"

You awake at seven, at least with a bit of ginger in your time-tossed frame; by the noon hour you've degenerated well past 60, and by bedtime you're a centurion, too tired to put proper emphasis in a prayer.

You try to be entertaining, reciting pleasant memorabilia, but the young crowd think only of athletics, so you realize that you're trying to bridge a generation gap, and it simply doesn't work.

You despise nursing homes, but deep down you realize that they are the only bus stations, offering bed and board, between here and a tombstone.

One of your role models, the late Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, insisted that the only way to solve life's problems was in daily positive thinking, but you admit that on many things you're as negative as the minus-post on your car battery.

In your youth, you couldn't wait to tie the knot with your best gal and start a family; now you fumble in tying the knots in your shoe laces.

Health authorities insist that you include plenty of fiber in your daily diet, but a bowl of chicken soup is far easier to masticate.

You love chocolate in all of its forms but your arthritis does not.

When more and more people, some of them strangers, keep calling you Pops, you know definitely that a generation gap exists.

Leg cramps are now a nightly experience. But as a youngster, the only cramps you knew were deep stomach wrenching called cholera morbus, after you'd eaten too many green apples.

But it's still a good life despite negative viewpoints. In fact it's the only thing left, come to think of it. You're old, stubborn as the proverbial Missouri mule, but still confident that you'll be around for a few more moons, awaiting the day when the good Lord throws in the final towel.

There is one consoling thought in this treatise on longevity—scores of old friends are up there, holding open the gate. Some of them, with genes shorter lived than mine, have been holding open that gate for a long time.

I don't have the genes of a Methuselah, but I'm running neck and neck with Bob Hope, and that would tickle anyone's hormones. Grow old, but don't let senility be a part of it!•

#### BALDWIN FIRE DEPARTMENT CELEBRATING 100

• Mr. D'AMATO. Mr. President, I rise today to speak on behalf of the Baldwin Fire Department as they gear up

to celebrate 100 years of volunteer fire service to Baldwin, NY.

Baldwin was a small hamlet in 1896 when, on a cold January night, the general store at its center caught fire after a kerosene lantern was dropped. The neighboring Freeport volunteers were summoned to save the surrounding buildings. Shortly thereafter a group of civic leaders met to organize fire protection in and for Baldwin. A committee was formed to raise funds and the department was officially organized on February 8. Initial equipment was purchased for \$680 and the department went into service in April of 1896. There were 40 volunteers who were required to pay \$3.90 each for their uniforms which consist of a cap, a white sweater lettered "Baldwin" and a belt. At that time the alarm was a railroad locomotive wheel rim hung from two poles and rung by a large sledgehammer. John H. Carl served as chief for the first 4 years. After 2 years, a permanent firehouse was built and a proper alarm bell was installed. The department had strong support from the community and the mortgage on this firehouse was paid off in May 1905.

Since those humble beginnings, the Baldwin Fire Department has kept pace with firefighting techniques and developments and attained its present size of 226 members among its seven companies. The present apparatus consists of seven pumpers, two tower ladders, one heavy rescue truck, two ambulances, two water rescue boats on trailers, and four chief's vehicles. In 1995 this all-volunteer fire and rescue service responded to 1,783 alarms. Currently it is led by Chief James Bugler. His deputy chiefs are John Coughlin, Keith Eckels, and Henry Chambers. Gary Eckels serves as chief of fire prevention, as public information officer, and as a fire commissioner.

One of the biggest events ever held in Baldwin will take place on Saturday, August 10, to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the Baldwin Fire Department. The day will begin with some lively firefighter competitions. Later in the day a centennial parade will be led by the U.S. Marine Corps Band, followed by the world famous Budweiser Clydesdales, thousands of firefighters, hundreds of fire trucks, and many other participants. This will truly be a once-in-a-lifetime event; a celebration of life, good works, and community spirit which has been displayed by the Baldwin Fire Department over 100 years of change. Many pieces have been woven together over the years to bring us to this great day; a day of celebration, a day to salute all of those who have given of their very selves to better community, to better America. Mr. President, I salute the brave men and women of the Baldwin Fire Department and wish them many more years of continued success.●

#### THE UNITED NATIONS SECRETARY-GENERAL

• Mr. SIMON. Mr. President, the United States has made clear its intention to veto a second term for United Nations Secretary-General Boutros Boutros-Ghali. This unfortunate opposition to his reelection was the subject of a column I wrote for Illinois newspapers, which I ask be printed in the RECORD.

The column follows:

A MISTEP BY THE UNITED STATES

(By Senator Paul Simon)

Suppose a local Rotary Club had the community's most wealthy and powerful citizen, Sam Smith, as a member. Imagine that the Rotarians had a dues system that reflected the ability to pay, so that wealthy Sam Smith paid more in dues than any other Rotarian.

To complicate the story, Sam Smith is far back in the payment of his dues, so far back that the money he owes amounts to almost the total budget of the club for a year.

The president of the Rotary Club is up for reelection, and most of the members want him reelected, but Mr. Big, Sam Smith, says no.

How popular do you think Sam Smith would be with the other Rotarians? Would his influence rise or fall? And what will the other Rotarians do in their election of a president?

The story is true.

Only the "club" is called the United Nations. The wealthy deadbeat member is called Sam, Uncle Sam. Most of the UN members believe that Secretary General Boutros-Ghali is doing a good job, despite being hampered by approximately \$1.4 billion that the United States owes but has not paid.

But the United States has made clear that we want to veto his reelection as Secretary-General.

The other nations, already too often unimpressed by our uncertain leadership in foreign policy, are not pleased with what we are doing, believing it is dictated by domestic political considerations.

In 1978, President Jimmy Carter designated me as one of the delegates to a two-month session of the United Nations, and I have followed the UN and its work with more than casual interest.

My impression is that overall the United Nations performs a vital service and a good job, not perfect, and that Boutros-Ghali has been a hard-working, effective leader—hampered in part by the United States talking a great game, but not paying our dues.

Egypt is the home of the Secretary-General, and as an Egyptian he is also an African. Africa sometimes is called "the dark continent." It is more accurately described as the ignored continent.

One little-known fact is the gradual spread of democracy in Africa, some of them fledgling democracies that deserve more encouragement from the United States and other nations.

African countries take pride in having Boutros-Ghali as the Secretary-General.

Our opposition to him is coupled with other realities that they see: President Clinton has never visited Africa. Secretary of State Warren Christopher has not visited any sub-Saharan country since he has been Secretary, compared to 24 visits to Syria.

Our inattention, coupled with our unfortunate open opposition to the reelection of the Secretary-General, has not made us any friends.●